Write Here, Write Now

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Write Here, Write Now

by TigerPrawn

Summary

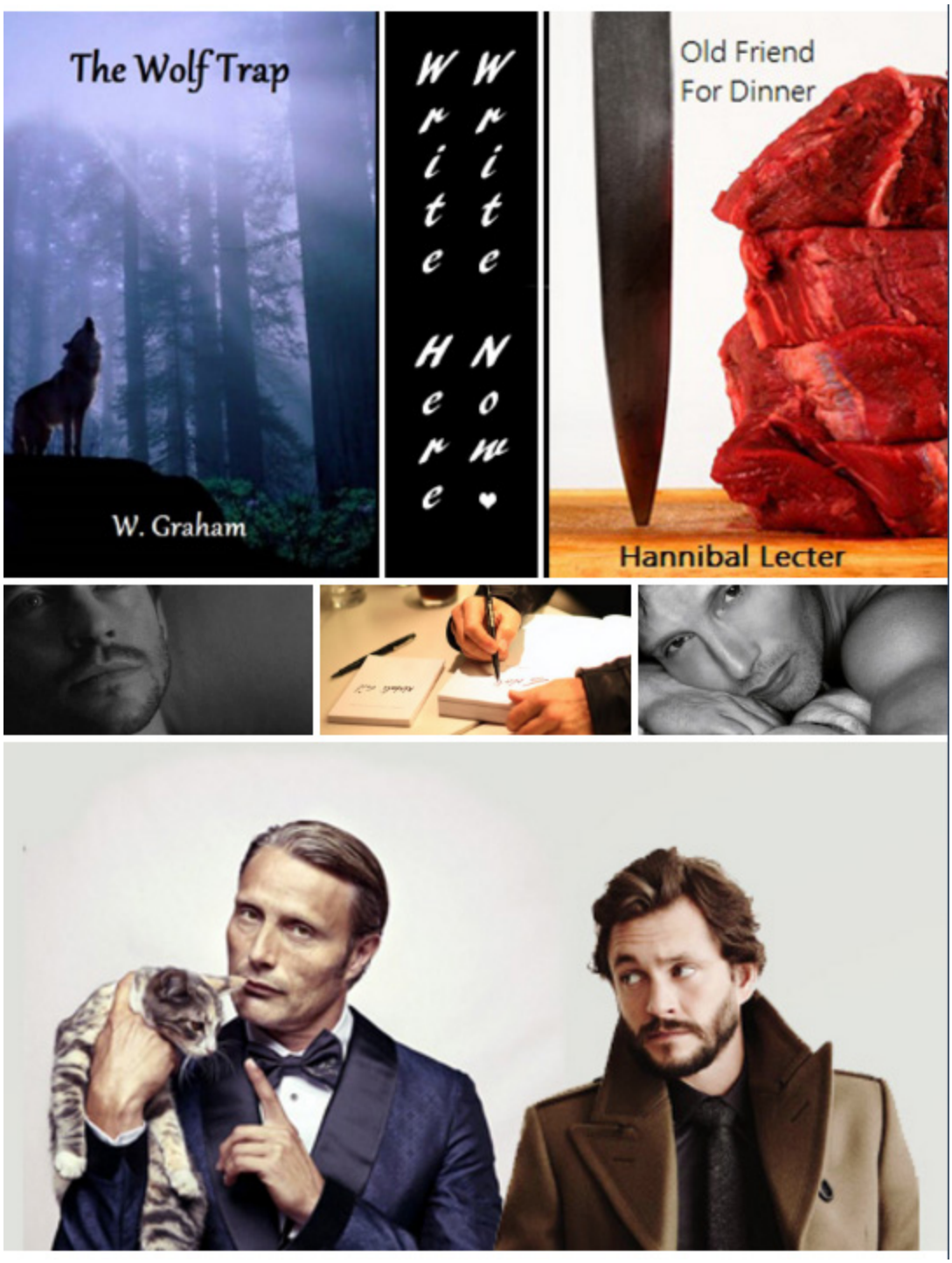
Prompt fill from Hannibal Cre-Ate-ive's prompts: Prompt from NightLifeRogue - "Author AU"

Will is a serious author trying to replicate the success of his one bestseller, Hannibal writes crime thrillers that appeal to the lowest common denominator. Will hates Lecter on principle but then they are booked as guests at the same convention and will finally meet in person.

Notes

This was going to be a crack drabble... and then the boys got *feelings*!! Gonna be posting up over the day or 2...

Friday Lunchtime



Will Graham's day was already testing. His flight had been delayed, checking into the hotel had been a farce, and now he was wearing his coffee. As he dabbed the soon-to-be-stain with a napkin the barista had apologetically handed him after she had knocked the coffee he had just been reaching for, he wondered what the hell he was doing.

He hated conventions. As an author you were not even close to one of the main draws - those would be the actors - and he wasn't even a main draw within the author pool. Exposure,

marketing! He could imagine Bev's voice in his head now. Bev Katz might be a good friend but she was also his agent and so whilst she sympathised that he'd rather be writing than spending a weekend in a hotel being by-and-large ignored, she wasn't going to let him off the hook for it either.

Will went back to his room to change his shirt, now having to skip coffee altogether, before finally making it down to the exhibition area. At least ten minutes after everyone else from what he could tell. A few looked up as he entered, looked away as they didn't recognise him. No one important. He cringed inwardly.

His first novel - The Wolf Trap - had been a bestseller. It nicely straddled urban fantasy with crime thriller and as a result had tremendous appeal. The three novels he'd written since? Not so much. And The Wolf Trap had been six years ago now. It was only the fact that the rights had sold to a television production company that had kept him afloat. Unfortunately, since they had been sold the company had gone through a lot of financial issues and the ten episode show was shelved somewhere between the writer's room and casting. So, there was a little money, but none of the recognition. And just thinking that made Will feel a little sick at himself. He had always written for the love of it - for the absolute *need* to. He had written when he could barely afford his rent and was working 18 hour days in two different bars. He had written in coffee shops that served bottomless coffee, genuinely because that was all he could afford rather than to just be *seen* to be writing. When he met Bev and then The Wolf Trap had been published, life had changed. He had his own place now, no mortgage. He could afford to write full time - though he had never gained the same level of inspiration or success as his first novel. He had had his fifteen minutes of fame. And although he really didn't care about that on one level, the bottom line was that the royalties and recognition of a TV show would keep him secure if he was smart with the money.

The bottom line really was that Will wanted to write. And he didn't want to be close to starvation and near homelessness again. If there was something that would ensure both, then he was all for it.

As it was, money was ok. He wasn't near starvation anytime soon and he could always sell his house and downsize if he needed to. But the less that came in the more that old fear rose within him.

He shook the thought as he looked around. Members of the convention team were showing them all around, letting them know where they would be sitting when the doors opened in a couple of hours. Signing tables, piles of books, author information. He didn't know anyone by sight, but recognised a few names.

Hannibal Lecter.

Will's stomach dropped. Hannibal Lecter was one of those authors who Will had a secret rivalry with in his head. Which was ridiculous as they barely wrote the same genre - Lecter being the author of a bestselling series of crime thriller books about a cannibalistic serial killer. There were some authors Will admired and wished in his wildest dreams he could emulate - he held himself to their standard. His imaginary rivalry with Lecter was the opposite of this.

Will considered Lecter's books to be complete trash, selling to the lowest common denominator. And that was the root of it. From first putting pen to paper through to when it was actually published, it had taken Will eight years to write and publish The Wolf Trap. In the few years since, he had written three more that had never reached the same depth. And he was a nobody.

Lecter on the other hand was a celebratory of the writing world. He was prolific, one or two new titles every year - he had over 20 books out, almost half of which were about his serial killer star. Will read a couple, enough to know they were hokey crap. Written quick to keep cashing in on the last. And as a result they were popular, Lecter was popular - and really Will considered he had no right to this. Lecter churned out crap that Will could write in a day if he wanted to do himself the disservice. And so, Will found himself constantly angered by even the thought of the man - his money, his popularity, the film series based on some of his older books. Even his PR. Whether it was his marketing team or him, Lecter knew how to sell himself and his trash. Every new release there would be the inevitable magazine articles, even in serious publications, TV appearances. There were always photos of him, this funny, charming, slightly odd writer posing on the pages - dressed in ridiculous suits, sometimes cooking meat, that whole series with the goddam cat! Whatever that was about? There wasn't even a cat in the novel, as far as Will was aware.

Every time Will thought about Lecter he wondered - *how does he deserve this success and I don't?*

As cruel and extraordinarily hateful fate would have it, they would be seated alphabetically and there were no authors covering H, I, J or K. Will found where he would be sat, a little sign on the next table saying that Hannibal Lecter would only be at the convention on the Saturday and Sunday. Of course, unlike Will who had to be there all three days to try and maximise his sales. He sighed and wished that he had picked up that coffee after all.

Friday Night

Chapter Summary

After a disappointing first day at the convention, Will ends up in the hotel bar.

The afternoon had not improved Will's mood. As could be predicted, the majority of attendees on the Friday afternoon were there for the actors. The few that did wander into the writer's area didn't give him a second glance. A couple even came over, saw the sign saying Lecter wasn't there until the next day and left again.

And now he was propping up the hotel bar. There were a few attendees there, nobody paying him any mind. So he felt free to sit at the bar and order his third whisky. He was just starting to sip at it when the chair next to him became occupied. Will looked over as the man ordered a beer. He was a handsome kind of scruffy - and Will was pretty sure the guy had gone to some trouble to make it look like he'd gone to no trouble at all. Mussed up hair fell forward into his eyes a little and his stubble was just a little more than 'designer'. As Will studied his new bar mate the beer arrived and he took a long swig of it. Will watched as the man's adam's apple bobbed as he swallowed down half of the beer before setting it back on the bar. The man let out a satisfied sigh and then turned.

Will didn't look away quite in time and the man caught his eye and grinned.

"Hello." A smooth, accented voice.

"Hi." Will responded awkwardly before looking back to his whisky.

"Are you here for the convention?" The foreigner asked.

Will hesitated for a moment. This line of conversation ended with him embarrassed by his lack of success. But lying wasn't something that came easily to him so he found himself nodding slowly before he even realised it.

"Star Wars fan, eh?"

"What? No… I mean, yes. But I'm not here *for* the convention." Will knew several of the actors were from Star Wars movies were attending and would be holding a panel. It was the biggest draw of the convention. "I'm a writer…"

"Oh, really. I am very fond of books." The man had raised his glass again and looked at Will over the rim of it - his wolfish grin still evident.

Will felt a shiver of desire. Those eyes, that voice, the flirting - because he was sure it was flirting even if he wasn't always so good on picking up on these things.

“Would I have read anything you have written?” The beer was set down but the smile, the flirting tone remained. The man angled himself a little towards Will, which also had the effect of closing the gap between them, knees almost touching.

“The Wolf Trap?” Will ventured in an almost whisper.

“Oh yes! Graham, something Graham? I enjoyed that book very much. You wrote it from a place of pain.” A serious but gentle expression accompanied the words.

Will was taken aback. “Yes… my… my father died just before I started writing it.”

“I’m sorry.” A look of comfort and concern.

“No, no, that’s ok. I never really, well, it’s not something I usually talk about.”

The man nodded and smiled. And then he began telling Will all the things he had liked about The Wolf Trap - the characters, the intrigue of the secondary plot, the world building. Will could feel colour rising in his cheeks as he couldn’t even begin to get a word in. The man was finishing his second beer by the time he stopped.

“I enjoy discussing books.” The man grinned by way of an apology. “And it is always so nice to meet an author and discuss it with them in person. I think it’s important to let writers know they are appreciated - it can be thankless.”

Will agreed with a smile. A little lull then as Will finished off the last of his fifth whisky and the man swirled the dregs of his beer around the glass, looking as though he was considering whether to order another.

Will wasn’t quite sure how they got from the bar to the lobby and into the elevator. He wasn’t even sure if remembered his room number. One thing he was sure of though was that he was being pressed up against inside the elevator and thoroughly kissed.

Saturday Morning

Chapter Summary

Will finally meets Hannibal Lecter

Will woke feeling pretty rotten. He hadn't drunk enough for a serious hangover. His ill-feeling was borne of regret and frustration. He had been so close to taking a complete stranger to his hotel room when the opportunity was suddenly lost. His stranger had pulled back, laughed - not unkindly - explained that he had drunk way too much to give Will the night he deserved, and then he was gone - disappearing off to find his own room.

On the one hand there was always something to be said for a drive-by crush - it ended before it might have gone wrong, especially as they were both pretty tipsy at the least. Although it left him feeling down and a bit lonely, he tried to concentrate on the positive of it - it had been a great kiss, some mild groping and had ended well. Which so far was much better than his past two relationships.

He mentally steeled himself on the way through the lobby and made his way to his little table laid out with posters of his books and then the books themselves for purchase and signing. If he had anyone remotely interested in doing so. His table paled in comparison to Lecter's which was covered in merch, including signed posters of the latest piece of crap - Old Friend For Dinner. Such a trite title!

He was pretty glad to note that Hannibal Lecter had not yet arrived. He had so far from any interest in meeting the man that he had to remind himself that he should at least try not to be rude. If there was something Will was very conscious of it was how often he came across as a surly ass - mostly because he was one. He struggled to deal with people. His thoughts went back to the previous night again, it wasn't often that he was so easy with someone like that.

He was daydreaming when the man who was undoubtedly Hannibal Lecter arrived. He was being ushered to his table by a harried looking convention worker with ten minutes left until the doors opened to the public.

Unprofessional! Will thought and had to hide a sneer. And god the man was trying so hard to be sophisticated! Hair styled back to bring out his sharp cheekbones and he was wearing a ridiculous suit, like he was attending an overly formal occasion at Disneyland - all that was missing was that damn cat from that stupid photo shoot. Something turned in the pit of Will's stomach and he found himself disliking the man more now that he had seen him in person. Despite how stupidly jealous it would make him feel, he hoped that Lecter was busy with fans all day so that he didn't try to take any opportunities to make small talk with Will.

It was only as they drew closer - the grinning writer, and the exasperated worker - that Will realised Lecter was grinning at him. And then there was a little wave and Lecter dismissed the convention worker with -"I can find my way from here." And then he was looking at Will, the grin now a warm smile. "I'm glad to see you are no worse for wear after all that whisky."

Holy. Fuck!

Will felt a chill of cold sweat sweep over his skin as his anxiety levels went through the roof. He tried not to stare as the image before him clicked in his head - same face, but hair swept back, stubble gone. And of course the diversion of those ridiculous clothes.

He swallowed and couldn't even think about returning the smile. It was all he could do to make sure his mouth wasn't hanging agape. The lesson in this running through his head - don't pick up complete strangers and not even ask something as simple as their name! It was as Lecter sat, without breaking eye contact, that Will realised he had not actually responded other than the stare at the man.

He was so shocked and for some reason, felt slightly betrayed, to find his lovely stranger was actually a dressed down Hannibal Lecter, that he found himself snipping - "Where's your cat?"

Hannibal laughed, a rich sound that brought back the night before yet again, leaving Will feeling emotional see-sawed.

"Yes, that shoot was in this suit!" He sounded as though he were recalling fond memories. "Good of you to notice."

Will felt the colour rise in his face. And then he finally looked away whilst stammering- "I… I didn't… I mean, I…" He gave up. Let Lecter think Will poured over pictures of him and kept the clippings. It was most certainly not true, though he had no intention of inviting Lecter over to search his home to be sure!

"That was a sweet animal… one of those trained ones. I hear training cats can be difficult…" Hannibal Lecter was still talking. He appeared to be ignoring the fact that Will was now busying himself with rearranging his perfectly neat table. "They are quite interesting animals."

"I'm more of a dog person." Will replied in the hopes that it sounded final enough for the man to stop talking to him.

He couldn't believe he'd nearly gone to bed with this man! Nearly had sex with Hannibal Lecter. He suddenly felt a little queasy.

"Excuse me." He got up and rushed for the nearest bathroom, a concerned member of staff glancing at him as they opened the doors to the public.

*

It took him a while to return to his table as he now had to contend with the throngs of convention goers that were swarming in. When he finally got close he frowned and then let out an angry and frustrated sigh. The crowd that had inevitably gathered at Lecter's table - and rather annoyingly it was a crowd rather than an organised queue - was engulfing Will's table as well. This was going to be torture, sat there hidden by Lecter's coo-ing fans. He scrubbed a hand over his face, still a little damp from having gone from splashing water on it to just dunking his whole head into the sink. His hair was wet and curly, and made him feel like even more of an idiot. An idiot who had to now push through this crowd.

He managed to start in from the side and get past most of the people without much ado. And then he was close enough to see that Lecter was reclining rather comfortably in a chair that he had dragged between their tables rather than just remaining at his own. Will wanted to leave. This was just horrible. He'd nearly slept with someone he detested (his own fault really) and now he was being pushed out of his own table by him and his fans.

"Here, here he is!" Lecter was saying and was on his feet and then had an arm around Will's shoulders and it was all he could do not to reel back out of his grasp. "Don't take my word for it, you must buy a copy! I promise you you will not regret it."

There was commotion and now Will was sitting and people were all trying to talk to him at once. He was a little overwhelmed, he often found crowded situations difficult. Lecter must have seen his discomfort because now the man had moved to in front of Will's table and was picking up copies of The Wolf Trap and manhandling the crowd into a queue, which they all found quite ridiculously hilarious. And then Lecter was next to Will, a hand on his shoulder, bringing him back to where he was. "Time to work Will." Lecter smiled down at him, squeezed his shoulder and resumed his own seat, which he pulled back to his own table.

Will took a breath to focus, looked up at the eager face in front of him, heard something about "if Hannibal Lecter says it's a must read then…" Books were bought, signed and Will made every effort to talk to each person. He smiled for them and let them lead him in discussion about his book and the state of urban fantasy in general, but on the inside he was hurting.

This went on all day, Will busy with the fans that Hannibal Lecter redirected to him with a - "well, you must buy Will Graham's book if you truly love crime thrillers. A whole new supernatural twist on it! It is one of my personal favourites."

And each time Will felt a sting at his pride. Finally a little after 4pm on the longest day he could ever remember, the crowds started to thin. Lecter stood and stretched, his long body perfectly tailored into the suit even if it was absurd. And just the sight of it made something in Will snap and he found himself biting out the first words he had said to Hannibal since he arrived - "How do you expect anyone to take you seriously in such clownish clothes."

Lecter looked at him, his smile wavering for the tiniest of moments, though it seemed to be the tone rather than the words that bothered him. Because then he smiled again and replied- "If I dress to be memorable, then people won't remember me or recognise me when I look normal."

Well that was certainly true.

Will found that it just made him angrier. Angry at himself really for not having recognised the man, for not standing up for himself when Lecter started this day long pity party for him. It wasn't time to pack up yet, but it was near enough that Will didn't care. Wasn't sure he cared anyway and why he hadn't done it sooner. He stood to get himself together.

"Are you ok Will?" Lecter was on his feet too and looked concerned, his hand on Will's shoulder *again*.

It was all Will could do not to shrug it off, but he stilled and said in an angry whisper- "Please don't touch me."

Hannibal snapped his hand back immediately, the look of concern still in place. "I'm sorry Will, I didn't mean to make you uncomfortable."

"Uncomfortable?!" Will spat the word back at him and turned to meet his eyes. "You have gone out of your way to make me uncomfortable all day! I don't need the pity of your fans to sell my books. I don't know what I did to make you want to embarrass me like that."

Lecter looked as though he was going to say something but Will left before he had chance.

Saturday Night

Chapter Summary

Apologies all round!

It was only a call with a rather annoyed Bev Katz that kept Will at the convention. He had wanted to walk out until she reminded him of the small fee, the book sales, the PR opportunity. And she was right, and if anything Lecter had made this his most successful convention so far. And yet that was the problem. He didn't need the pity of some trash writer to sell his books (although apparently he did).

Will helped himself to the minibar and lay down on the bed, staring up at the ceiling. He wasn't sure how long he lay there - however long it took to empty 80% of a minibar - when there was a light knock on his door.

He rolled off the bed with a groan, his clothes rumpled now, and went to the door. He looked through the peephole and saw Lecter on the other side - the sight having a sobering effect. He took a deep breath before opening the door.

"What do you want?" He asked before Lecter could say anything. Will looked him up and down whilst he waited for the answer. Lecter's gaudy suit had been replaced by jeans and a t-shirt, his hair no longer slicked back, even the stubble was lightly returning. He didn't look like Hannibal Lecter anymore but the nameless stranger from the bar who had made him feel so good. And Will felt weak and angry with himself.

"Can I come in? I want to apologise."

"You can apologise from here." Will countered with a bite in his tone.

"But I am as yet at a loss to know exactly what I am apologising for." The tone was gentle, and though Lecter smiled, it was clearly with warmth rather than amusement.

Will sighed and stepped away from the door, dropping back to a sitting position on the bed as Lecter came in.

"I don't know what I did Will, could you tell me?"

"Why does it even matter?" The booze talking now. Sober Will would have preferred to say nothing, to not have let the man in.

"I guess because I like you. When I met you last night and you wrote that book… It really is one of my personal favourites. I… I think you could write another like it if you had the emotions for it…" A pause then and Will understood what he was saying - his father had

died, it had unlocked a lot for him and he hadn't been able to tap such deep emotions since. He tried not to let the realisation show in his face as Lecter continued - "And you're smart and funny and attractive… I really did want to come back here with you last night but I guess… I guess I got cold feet. I didn't want it to seem like I only wanted a one night stand, because I'm not sure that's true."

Will looked at the man, jaw falling open completely aghast. Was he being serious? Will started laughing, a cruel laugh, he knew and he meant it. Lecter looks hurt for a fraction of a second and then appeared to pull a mask in front of his emotions.

"Last night, I didn't know who you were." Will stated coldly.

"And who do you think I am, how am I a different person today than I was yesterday?"

"Because you're Hannibal fucking Lecter. I fucking hate you." Will's voice remained level and iced, his jaw tensing.

"Oh." Lecter sounded somewhere between confused and amused. "I don't remember ever giving you cause to dislike me before we even met."

Will took in a shaky breath and realised on it's release that he had a painful lump in his throat. He looked up at the confused man before him and the realisation struck him so hard that it nearly knocked the air out of him.

"You've done nothing. It's me. I'm the fuck up." He put his head in his hands. "Please just go."

A moment of silence then where Will waited to hear the door, but instead there was a dip in the bed next to him and an arm around his shoulder.

"I think I did the wrong thing today Will, didn't I? You aren't good with people."

Will huffed in angry amusement but didn't move from the half embrace. "I didn't need the pity of your fans." Will forced out.

"Oh." A surprised note this time. "Is that what you… no, there was no pity. I told them the truth - that you wrote one of my favourite books. And they should all read it immediately rather than wasting time on my latest nonsense."

Will found a chuckle rise from within him. "It is *utter* nonsense." Will confirmed, a little amused.

"I thought… I had a sense of something in the bar, and then today I realised my mistake at overwhelming you." A delicate pause. "Are you on the spectrum Will?"

At that Will looked up - anger, hurt and something else bubbled up in him. He hated that someone had seen him, but he felt strangely comforted by it too. So much so that he found himself replying - "Not really, maybe… I have an empathy disorder. People can be… overwhelming." He didn't want to have to go into details - how it was all too easy to assume

the points of view of others. How overwhelming that could be a in a crowd, even more so one on one and especially intimately...

But, why was he saying this to Hannibal Lecter of all people. Hannibal Lecter who was now nodding his understanding and giving him a gentle and comforting smile that seemed to warm him from within.

“I used to be, before I started writing, a psychiatrist. I have had patients with similar issues. I am sorry I didn’t realise until too late. I might have reconsidered sending all those people your way. Though I am pleased they bought your book - to deprive people of it would be unconscionable.” That smile again.

Will knew he was just sat there like a puppy, staring at this man who he liked. The man from the bar. Why couldn’t he just be the man from the bar?

“You didn’t know… it’s ok.” Will said, not just to make the man feel better as he was clearly worried about it, but also because he really did seem to genuinely mean what he said about Will and his book. He took a breath and let it out before continuing, because he knew he had to - “And I’m sorry… I judged you before I met you - your books, your clothes. You just… I take writing seriously so it feels offensive that someone who doesn’t becomes so successful.”

“Ah.” A smile and a nod.” I see.” Lecter drew back and placed his hands on Will’s shoulders. “They are pretty terrible aren’t they?”

Will was baffled for a moment but let himself return the grin that had appeared on Lecter’s face. And Lecter was studying him now, as though trying to work out whether he could say something in confidence. He let go of Will, stood and walked to the window, turned and paced back before looking at Will again.

And then Lecter took in a deep breath and words came out with the exhale - “I have a little sister, Mischa. She was… she’s been ill since we were children. When our parents died she came to America to live with me. I had completed my education by this point, I was on my way to being a surgeon. But that did not work out - I moved into psychiatry so that I could open my own practice and have more time for her. That worked for a while, until it didn’t. And so I shut my practice and we lived on my savings. There were… we spent a lot of time together and there were times when she wasn’t doing well and she would ask me to tell her stories. And so I started to… I’m not a writer Will. It began as a joke, she encouraged me to write them down and before I knew it I was getting published and it was a god send because suddenly we had the money to live again, to pay the bills, to pay the doctors.”

He stopped suddenly, his eyes focused on something beyond the window that may not really have been there.

“Shit… I’m sorry.” Will felt like he’d been punched in the stomach. It didn’t make the books any less crap, but it really brought home the fact that the quality of the books wasn’t his real problem - his own insecurities were. His own inability to reproduce the depth and quality - the success - of his first novel. Another realisation - “So you dress like an idiot so people won’t recognise you from your normal life.”

That earned him a grin and a laugh and Lecter was then standing in front of him. A pace forward would have him between Will's legs.

"Maybe. I mean, not entirely - my name is on the books after all - but I think there is an element of that. But also of wanting to see if others are in on the joke… And I'll have you know those suits are painstakingly tailored." Another chuckle. "I don't laugh at my readers, they have done something precious for me, but I think most of them would be first to admit that the writing is trash - easily consumed nonetheless. But I will laugh at myself where I can, and let Mischa join in too."

Will let out a sigh of the breath he didn't know he had been holding. "You sound like a good brother."

"Maybe sometimes." He grinned again. "Ask Mischa when she was ten, she might not always have agreed."

Will smiled back, a warm smile to meet Lecter's. Hannibal Lecter who was still standing impossibly close.

"Can we… I'd like to start over if that's ok?" Will asked, forcing eye contact when he really wanted to look away with no little amount of shame. "I liked the you I met in the bar… I mean I like you. I disliked you based on my own insecurities, and I'm sorry for that, but I'd be even sorrier if it meant that I couldn't maybe… um… see you again?"

Hannibal Lecter's face split into a wide grin.

"I would like that very much."

And then Hannibal was beside him again, moving closer, their lips resuming the press of the night before.

Sunday Just After Midnight

Chapter Summary

Will and Hannibal get to know each MUCH better

Hannibal had pushed him back on the bed and kissed him slowly. And long. That's all it had been for a long time, the man pressed against him and kissing him. Gently, lips feathering his, then crushing them. His tongue exploring and Will mirroring it. They kissed and kissed and Will was lost in the sensation of it. And it wasn't too much - which seemed to be something Hannibal was wary of. In fact, soon, his cock was hard and pressed into Hannibal's thigh and kissing was no longer enough.

It had taken a while to realise that the moaning he could hear was coming from his own mouth as Hannibal had kissed across his jaw and down his throat. His deft fingers were already working their way down and unbuttoning his shirt ahead of his lips which followed closely. When they reached his chest Will's breath hitched and he shuddered.

Hannibal had stopped then and looked at him with such warmth that Will felt, for want of a better word, loved. He had never been with anyone before that seemed to understand how overwhelmed he could get, much less stop and make sure he was ok. And he was, he was more than ok. He smiled at Hannibal and moved a hand into his hair, mussing it up further and pulling some more of it forward onto Hannibal's face.

"I prefer you a bit messy." Will grinned. Hannibal returned the grin and, reassured, continued to kiss down Will's chest until he reached the buckle of Will's belt.

The way Hannibal then undid the buckle, slowly sliding the belt open and off was completely erotic and drew another groan from Will and a snap of his hips that brought a quiet chuckle from Hannibal. His hair grazed Will's skin as he placed open mouthed kisses just above the waistline as he started undoing Will's trousers. Will's breathing sped up and it was all almost too much, but then Hannibal's hands were pressing on his skin - one on his chest, the other on his hip, holding him like a tether to the moment.

This was all very new to Will. Sex had always felt like something that had to be part of a relationship - an obligation - and sure sometimes he just wanted to fuck or be fucked. But most of the time he found it overwhelming and awkward. He knew that he had not been the most fulfilling sexual partner - most of the time he got around his inability to be touched by doing all the work. With women this was easier - getting them off, though they would probably have liked more of the sensual and intimate side of things - kissing, cuddling. But with guys he just lay there a lot of the time and let himself be fucked, because that was all he could give. And that's all they would give. He'd never had someone *worship* him like this before.

And that was most certainly what Hannibal was doing as he slid Will's trousers and underwear down and off, Will raising his hips to assist - his hard cock springing free. Will pulled an arm over his face to cover the blush that he could feel rising there. But then Hannibal moved up and was beside him, pulling his arm away and smiling at him.

"Will…" Hannibal's voice was breathy, soft and lyrical. "You're beautiful." He leaned in then and kissed Will again, deeply. The kiss continued as Hannibal's hand moved to Will's cock and began to slowly stroke him. Taking him into a gentle hand, thumb lightly brushing over his cockhead before moving up and down. Will's breath caught as Hannibal's hand worked him - slowly and gently. He turned his head away from the kiss to get his breath, his head pressed back into the pillow and his eyelids fluttering as he tried to adjust to the sensation of someone else's hand on him like this, so infrequently it had occurred.

Hannibal had moved his lips to Will's neck, gently kissing and nipping there as his hand continued. Will pressed his eyes closed and tried to ignore the lump in his throat - this was so little, so small a touch in the scheme of things and yet it had him alight like no other touch had before. Maybe if his past lovers had understood how his mind worked, how hard it was for him to be with people. Hannibal's rhythm on him increased so slowly and organically that Will didn't even need to think about adjusting to it. And then he felt that tension in his lower abdomen, his balls tightening. And then he was cumming. And he was crying.

Hannibal was over him then, kissing the tears away and muttering gentle words to him that Will couldn't understand.

Sunday Morning

Chapter Summary

The morning after...

Will moved to discover the unfamiliar weight at his back and froze. He let the night come back to him - Hannibal Lecter coming to his room. Their talk. And then… then…

He felt his chest tighten with anxiety, or something akin to it. Hannibal had made Will cum and then held him. Nothing more, he hadn't taken anything from Will. Will, for the first time with any lover, didn't feel the need to offer up anything and everything to compensate for his distance. To compensate for who he was.

He took a moment to pinpoint his anxiety - that Hannibal would see the real him and leave. But really, hadn't he already seen him? Hadn't he known him? Known to be gentle and patient. Known not to take more than Will could give. His breath hitched as he choked back a sob.

And then Hannibal stirred next to him, a hand snaked around his waist and pulled him close, the lines of their bodies connecting. Hannibal appeared to now be in his underwear.

"Good morning Will…" Muttered softly in his ear, and then a kiss placed in his hair. Will shivered at that and Hannibal loosened his hold. "Are… are you ok?"

Will couldn't answer, wasn't sure how to. Without much further thought he slipped from the bed and retreated quickly to the bathroom. It was only once he got in there, shut the door, splashed water on his face, that he realised he hadn't said a word to Hannibal. He couldn't hear anything from the room - would Hannibal leave? Did he want that?

Maybe with someone else he would have waited them out in the bathroom, stayed put until he heard the door click as they left.

With a sudden wave of panic at the thought that Hannibal might leave, Will rushed back into the room. Hannibal was still there. Still in the bed dozing, his eyes opening as Will re-entered the room. He smiled and pulled the covers back so that Will could get back into bed. And with only a moment's hesitation he did. Hannibal pulled him into his arms and he forced himself to relax.

"Will…" Hannibal's voice was soft, his accent thick with his sleepiness.

"Mmhmm?" Will didn't trust himself with words.

“I… I like you Will. I meant what I said last night, I have a tremendous respect for your writing, and for you… I enjoy your company.” A hand was lightly stroking over Will’s side now. “I would really like to see you again.”

“I…” Will started but his voice dried up. Maybe he would like that too, but it was all so very fast and confusing. He’d gone from hating this man - Hannibal Lecter - but liking the stranger in the bar… to… what? Could he imagine himself falling in love with someone like him? Hannibal the writer? Maybe not, that was still something that he needed to adjust to. But the Hannibal who spoke lovingly of his sister, who didn’t wear those ridiculous suits, who took him to bed gently and lovingly to worship him? Yes, he could fall in love with that man.

“It’s ok Will. If this is all you can… This is ok. If this is all.” There wasn’t resignation in his tone, nothing negative at all. Which Will was glad of because that would have hurt.

“Yes…” He felt Hannibal go slightly rigid. “Um, yes to more. Not yes to this is all. I.. think I’d like to see you again too.”

Hannibal’s lips fell lightly on his shoulder. “We can go as slow as you need Will. With everything.”

Will let out a breath he didn’t know he was holding and smiled. He turned then so that he faced Hannibal and could push their lips together. And so he kissed Hannibal deeply and Hannibal moved on top of him.

“Tell me if you need to stop…” Hannibal breathed against his skin. Will nodded but was sure, if last night had been anything to go on, that Hannibal would know if he was overwhelmed. He wondered what Hannibal planned given their lack of such necessities as lube and condoms. His thoughts were cut short when Hannibal started kissing down his chest, then mouthing the sparse line of hair from his navel to his pelvis. Will’s cock, now thick with desire, twitched a moment before Hannibal’s mouth covered it.

Will arched back on the bed and let out a groan. Hannibal’s mouth moved slowly over him, taking him deep into his throat and pressing his tongue to the underside of his cockhead. The sensation had Will panting, his hands gripping at the bed sheets. Far from being overwhelming it suddenly wasn’t enough. He wanted nothing more than to have Hannibal inside him at that moment.

“Hannibal… I… I want… I need…” He could barely speak from the sensation of Hannibal’s mouth around him. But then it was gone, the air of the room hitting the wet of his cock and making him shudder at the sensation. Hannibal moved further down the bed and was pushing Will’s legs up and apart slightly. Will canted his hips, gripping his hands in the small of his back for height. And then he stopped breathing as Hannibal parted his cheeks and ran his tongue over him. Slow, softly pressing circles that had Will moaning and wanting to writhe against. And then Hannibal’s tongue pushed inside him and he arched so high they almost came away from each other. He let out an unexpected bark of laughter when he fell back onto the pillows.

“Please…” He begged, hand reaching down to touch some, any, part of Hannibal - finding the fingers that were gripping his thigh and holding on to them as Hannibal’s tongue dipped in and out, and around. The hand on his other thigh moved then, taking his cock in hand and Hannibal started a rhythm in time with his tongue.

“Fuck…” Will groaned out the word, his whole body tensing, muscles tightening throughout his whole body at the anticipated release. And then Hannibal moved again, moved up. His hand slipping from Will’s touch and down, replacing his tongue. One finger gently pushing through the slick left by his tongue. Slowly working in and out in tiny increments - a little discomfort with no lube but Will craved it now, needed it. Hannibal moved his finger in time with his hand working Will’s cock. Moving until he was able to curl that finger and touch the bundle of nerves inside Will.

Will rose off the bed again then as he came. Shooting a stream of hot cum up his torso and chest when Hannibal sent that spark of pleasure through him. Hannibal continued to slowly work his cock as he rode out the wave of pleasure.

Will wondered if he actually blacked out because suddenly Hannibal was next to him again and his body was tingling all over with the afterbuzz of pleasure. He couldn’t remember the last time he came so hard. The last time it wasn’t just perfunctory. He felt dazed and drowsy and he could feel a light hand stroking over him, his side and his chest.

The next thing Will realised, he was waking. He must have fallen asleep. And now there was no Hannibal in the bed but the sheets had been carefully tucked around him and he had been cleaned of the cum. But it was the emptiness of the bed that returned to him and he felt a little panicked. Perhaps Hannibal had changed his mind. Could he blame him? Will had been an asshole about his books, and maybe Will was just too much trouble, too broken.

He sat up in the bed and scrubbed his hand over his face, letting out a long sigh.

“Will?” He looked over to see Hannibal dressed and sitting at the small table by the window. There were bowls of fruit and some juice on the table. “I didn’t want to wake you. I ordered some breakfast for us. We need to be down in the exhibition hall in an hour.” He stood and brought a glass of juice to Will, who took it with a smile. A goofy smile, he knew. He could feel it on his face, and it was stupidly goofy.

“I need to go back to my room and get ready.” Hannibal leaned down and kissed Will.

“Yes... get your costume on.” Will grinned.

Hannibal narrowed his eyes at that in mock indignation. He kissed Will again then, careful not to let the juice spill. And then the door clicked and Hannibal Lecter was gone from his room, but apparently seemed to have walked into his life.

The Following Year

Chapter Summary

Happy ending...

Will looked at Hannibal and laughed. It had been a while since he had seen Hannibal in his *work* clothes. This time what Hannibal called his ‘day look’ - a plaid three-piece suit with a paisley tie. Hannibal looked across the room and gave Will a look of mock admonishment.

Will was still in the bed. Not the same room, but so similar to the one they had first come together in a year earlier. And so much had happened in that year. Not least, Hannibal had continued to worship him and Will had worshipped him in return.

This time they shared a room, and a table. Their bestseller - *Manhunter: The Chesapeake Ripper* - a tale of an FBI agent and a cannibalistic serial killer, was in the midst of a publicity tour. The convention wasn’t really the sort of thing the PR people had in mind but Will and Hannibal may have insisted, for old time’s sake.

The book was good. Will wouldn’t have allowed his name to be put on anything that wasn’t. He loved how unoffended Hannibal had been, how hilarious he had found it actually, when Will had made a point of saying his name would go no where near Hannibal’s usual sort of trash. Hannibal had of course agreed and made the point of saying that at least Will should remember that the book would have been impossible without him.

He was right of course. Not just for the collaboration, but deeper than that. Being with Hannibal - falling in love; learning how to allow himself to be with someone, open up without fear of the empathy; building both Hannibal and Mischa into his life. It opened up deep emotions for Will that he hadn’t felt, or had ignored, since dealing with his father’s death. And Hannibal had been right - that was what he needed to write a bestseller - those emotions behind it all, driving the story and characters.

“Will, time to get ready. Breakfast is on the way.” Hannibal told him as he straightened his tie in the mirror.

“Ok, ok… um, I have a gift for you. But…”

“What?” Hannibal was curious.

“I’m not sure it goes with that suit… It’s… well, it’s ugly Han…” Will laughed again, rolling around in the bed to make a show of how hilarious he found it. Hannibal strode over to the bed and fell on top of him, pinning him down and scraping his teeth along Will’s neck.

“Well, you. Fancy American with your lovely clothes…” A kiss then to his neck. Will knew very well how much Hannibal enjoyed him in some of his clothes - he liked it when Will got all dressed up… and he liked it even more when Will was just hanging out in jeans and a flannel shirt. Hannibal was strangely big on aesthetics. And cooking as it turned out. They had tried out quite a few recipes they ended up including in the novel - no human meat of course…

Hannibal lifted him from the bed, naked as the day he was born and walked him through to the bathroom and dropped him in the shower. Will cried out in alarm and muscled his way past Hannibal as he was about to turn on the faucet.

“Ok, close your eyes and I will give you the gift.”

At that Hannibal gave a devilish and suggestive grin, but closed his eyes nonetheless. Will took the gift he had hidden in his luggage and placed it in Hannibal’s hands.

“Ok… open your eyes.”

Will had another fit of laughter at the strange expressions Hannibal’s face contorted into as it went through a range of thoughts.

The gift was the closest Will could match to the one in the photo shoot - a plush toy cat.

“I thought… you could pose with it.” Will broke into another fit of laughter as Hannibal frowned at him, trying so very hard to not be amused. More laughter from Will as he choked out - “Jeez Han… you look like a Bond villain.” hearty laughter now as Hannibal turned the stuffed cat over in his hands and frowned even deeper.

“William! This cat does very much not go with this suit.”

Even so, Hannibal did take the cat down with them to the signing and was easily persuaded to pose with fans for photos with it. Will grinned the whole time, wondering at how his life had become quite so… Hannibal!

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